yet remember the fate of Charles Woodworth, may Heaven forbid that I should ever cease to be earnest in this most holy war! Never, Charles, never consider yourself amenable to such a law. Bow not to the opinion, were it the opinion of millions. You will have enough to bear in this life, without bearing the just curses of the widow and orphan. You will have guilt enough to carry to the bar of God, without carrying there the weighty burden of murder. Be not governed by this law of savages, generated by revenge, and perpetuated only by the fiercest and basest passions of man. Be more. Be governed by a higher and holier law, which descended from heaven to bring peace and good-will to man, and obedience to whose precepts will make holy your life and happy your death."

We rose from our seats as my uncle concluded his sad story, and found that it was already past midnight. The fire had burned low on the hearth, the wind was howling still among the trees, and the dark clouds still rapidly passing over the sky. We parted for the night, wiser it may be, but surely sadder men. We had walked beneath the cypress tree, and its shadow rested on our souls.

COOKS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

See Plate.)

Mr. John Brown was a man of orderly mind and systematic habits. His business went on like clockwork; and he would have it so. If the least irregularity appeared, you may be sure he would see it and know the reason.

"All you have to do," he would sometimes say, "is to will to have things right. A resolute purpose is everything."

This doctrine he uniformly preached to Mrs. Brown on the occasion of every domestic irregularity; and especially when she complained that she could not make cook, nurse, or chambermaid do as she wished.

"Establish a certain rule, and see that it is obeyed," he would say to her. "That 's my plan, and I have no trouble. An *employée* of mine knows that it is as much as his place is worth to go contrary to rule; and, if you made the keeping of a place in your household dependent on strict obedience to your orders, you would have far less trouble."

"It is very easy to talk," Mrs. Brown would generally reply to these suggestions.

"And just as easy to act," would respond Mr. Brown. "I know. I 've tried it. You have only to resolve to have a thing done right, and it is done. Nothing more easy in the world. There is Judson, my neighbor, an easy sort of a man, with no order in his mind. Well, of course, everything around him is at sixes and sevens; and he 's always complaining that he can never get anybody to do as he wishes. Give him the best clerk in the city, and he 'll spoil him in three months. And why? There is no order in the man's business. He has no system. I have two young men in my store who were so worthless with Judson, according to his own account, that he had to send them off. I wouldn't ask for better clerks. In the beginning, I let them understand that I was a man who would have things my own way; and they soon understood that this was not a mere matter of words. It 's the order, Jane—the order. Fix an order in your household, and all this trouble will cease."

"Order among intelligent clerks may be easily enough attained," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, one morning, after some remarks of this kind, which had arisen from the fact of company being expected to dinner; "but I 'd like to see the order you would maintain with a parcel of subordinates like our Biddy to deal with. I imagine you 'd find your hands full. Ignorant Irish girls are not so easy to bring into order."

"A good system and a good resolution are all that is wanted."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I wish you had the trial for a week."

"You 'd see a different state of things," confidently replied the husband.

"No doubt of it," returned Mrs. Brown, who was hurt by her husband's rebuking manner, and showed it in her tone of voice.

Mr. Brown was a kind-hearted man—what cannot always be said of *very* orderly people—and was pained to see the effect of his words.

"Oh, well, never mind, Jane," said he, soothingly. "We can't all do alike. I know you manage excellently on the whole. But won't you, to-day, watch Biddy a little closer, and see that she has dinner at the hour? She is so apt to be late. I wouldn't like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew to notice anything irregular in our household economy."

"I presume our household arrangements are fully as good as theirs," said Mrs. Brown, a little sharply, for she was more fretted in mind than her husband supposed.

"That may all be; but won't you see that Biddy has dinner precisely at three?"

"I 'll do the best I can, but can't promise anything," said Mrs. Brown, whose mind her husband had chafed so much that she did not attempt to conceal her annoyance.

Mr. Brown went away grumbling to himself, and Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and, in no very amiable tone of voice, said to Biddy—

"We 're to have company to dine with us to-day, and Mr. Brown expects dinner on the table precisely at three. Now, pray, don't let it be a minute later."

Biddy always made it a point to be cross whenever there was company. This announcement alone, no matter in how amiable a tone it had been made, would have sufficed to arouse her ill nature; but coming as it did, in a fretful voice, she was filled instantly with a spirit of opposition. Not the slightest reply did she make—not the smallest sign that she heard escaped her.

Mrs. Brown stood a few moments, and then said, angrily—

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I 'm not deaf, marm," pertly returned Biddy.

"Then why didn't you answer me?"

Biddy turned away with a contemptuous toss of the head, and resumed her work.

"See here, my lady!"——But Mrs. Brown checked herself, for she knew Biddy's temper, and understood that, in entering into a regular contest with her, the question of victory would be doubtful. In all probability, it would end in her being compelled to order the insolent creature out of the house; and, then, who was to cook the dinner? This thought caused Mrs. Brown to curb her feelings, and to put a bridle upon her tongue.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Brown, after pausing a few moments to compose herself. She spoke calmly, "we are to have company to-day, and I wish dinner on the table precisely at three o'clock."

Then Mrs. Brown left the kitchen, and went up to her sitting-room, feeling, as may well be supposed, no little "out of sorts." As to dinner being ready at three precisely, she had no expectation of the thing whatever. Mr. Brown would be seriously annoyed, and all her pleasure would, of course, be destroyed. No very agreeable anticipation this, in view of having company.

An hour after Mr. Brown went away, one of his men brought home a basket of marketing. On its arrival, Mrs. Brown descended once more to the lower regions of her house, in order to ascertain the nature of the provision that had been made, and to give some directions to her cook. Biddy received her mistress in no very amiable mood. In fact, she cast upon her a glance of defiance as she entered. The basket looked over, and a few brief directions given, Mrs. Brown retired. There was to be trouble that day with Biddy—nothing was more apparent.

About twelve o'clock the ladies, who were engaged to dine, arrived. Their husbands would come at three, with Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown's heart was full; and, as from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, she entertained her visitors during the first hour with her troubles with servants. The subject was an interesting one to them, for they were housekeepers, and prepared to sympathize. They had also their own trials to relate, and were eloquent upon their sufferings. As for cooks, they were all voted to be a most horrible set of creatures, and the authors of more domestic misery than was to be charged to any other account. In the midst of an interesting discussion of this kind, Mrs. Brown excused herself, and went to pay a visit of exploration into Biddy's department. Things didn't look very encouraging. She had been intrusted with the work of preparing certain articles of dessert; but Mrs. Brown saw at a glance they were destined to be spoiled unless she took charge of them herself. So, without remarking on the subject, she told Biddy to go up to her room and get her an apron.

This was done with a certain air, the meaning of which was not mistaken. But Mrs. Brown didn't choose to be drawn into a regular quarrel. She took the apron, and, tying it on, went to work at the puddings, and soon had them just to her liking. After giving careful directions to have the ovens in good order before they were put in, she went up stairs and rejoined her company. At two o'clock, Mrs. Brown visited the kitchen again. Nothing was as forward as it should have been, and cook was in as bad a humor as ever.

"You 'll be late, Biddy, after all," said Mrs. Brown. "This is no kind of a fire."

"The coal won't burn," replied Biddy.

"It always has burned. Strange that it doesn't burn now!"

And Mrs. Brown began to examine the range.

"No wonder," said she, "with this damper half closed. How could you expect coal to burn without a free draft? There, you can see the fire increasing already. Now do, Biddy, stir yourself; it 's after two o'clock."

Biddy didn't deign an answer to this appeal; and Mrs. Brown, after standing as an observer of her movements for a little while, went up stairs, satisfied that no dinner would be ready at three o'clock.

Just at a quarter before three, Mr. Brown arrived, with Mr. Clark and Mr. Agnew, whose wives had already made their appearance.

"Dinner most ready?" said he to Mrs. Brown, whom he found in the dining-room, soon after his entrance.

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Brown.

"It 's ten minutes of three."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Brown.

"But I hope, Jane, that dinner isn't going to be late." Mr. Brown spoke in a nervous manner.

"It won't be ready at three, that 's certain. Bid-

dy's been in a dreadful humor all the morning, and has done nothing right."

"Oh, dear! This want of punctuality does distress me! Why do you keep such a creature about you?"

"Do, Mr. Brown," said his wife, in an appealing voice, "go into the parlor and wait as patiently as you can until dinner is ready! I 'm so nervous now that I can hardly hold a thing in my hands."

Mr. Brown did as he was desired to do; but his organ of punctuality was in a state of active excitement. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, even forty minutes passed, and there came no welcome sound of the dinner-bell. Unable to curb his impatience any longer, Mr. Brown left the parlor, and once more sought his wife. She was still in the dining-room, where the table was set, but where no other sign of the hunger-quelling banquet was discernible.

"In Heaven's name, my dear!" said Mr. Brown, "what has made all this delay?"

"Go and ask Biddy," replied the over-tired lady; "and, if you get any satisfaction from her on the subject, you will be more fortunate than I am."

Upon this hint, and acting on the spur of the moment, Mr. Brown hurried off towards the kitchen. He would regulate the matter in quick order! He would have dinner on the table in a twinkling, or know the reason! Such were his thoughts and purposes. Mrs. Brown, anticipating trouble, followed close after her husband.

"See here, my lady!" was the salutation with which Mr. Brown met Biddy, as he entered the kitchen. "What 's the meaning of all this work today? Why isn't dinner ready? Are you to be the arbiter of affairs in my house?"

Now Biddy, as the reader understands by this time, was in a defiant humor. The kitchen she felt to be her castle, and was ever inclined to dispute with any and every one the right of entrance. Had Mrs. Brown kept away during the morning, dinner would have been ready at the hour. But, every time the mistress appeared, the cook's temper was more and more ruffled, and her spirit of opposition more and more aroused. Since her husband's arrival, Mrs. Brown had manifested herself to Biddy not less than half a dozen times, and, at each appearance, made some fretful and irritating remarks touching the lateness of dinner. The climax to all this was the sudden entrance of the incensed Mr. Brown. As he came in, Biddy was in the act of turning from the range with a dish in her hands, on which was a large sirloin of beef. The words of Mr. Brown did not have the effect of subduing the spirit of Biddy, as he had anticipated. For a moment, she glared at him with a look of defiance, while her face grew scarlet with anger; then tossing the dish and its contents with a crash at his feet, and plentifully scattering the gravy over his pantaloons and the silk dress of his wife, who came to his side at the moment, she exclaimed, fiercely—

"There 's your dinner! And I hope you 're satisfied!"

There was a long pause of consternation on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, during which Biddy retired from the kitchen with a dignity that may be imagined, but not described. Mr. and Mrs. Brown also retired, and in a manner quite as indescribable; and, seating themselves in the dining-room, collected their scattered wits for a council of war. The lady's silk dress was a sight to be seen. It was perfectly ruined, large patches of grease being freely distributed over the front breadth for the distance of more than half a yard from the bottom. The gentleman's pantaloons were in no better condition.

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" said Mrs. Brown, with pale face and panting bosom. "I declare, I 'm right sick!"

"Well, if that doesn't get ahead of me!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who, struck with the ludicrousness of the whole scene, hardly knew whether to laugh or give an angry vent to his feelings.

"But what are we to do? It 's nearly four o'clock now, and the beef is lying upon the kitchen floor!" said Mrs. Brown, in great distress.

Mr. Brown was a man for an emergency. He was not to be put down teetotally under any circumstances. He had met and conquered many difficulties in his time, and he was not to be overcome by this one.

"Do the best we can, Jane," said he, speaking with a sudden cheerfulness of manner. "Go and tell Nancy to come down and serve up the dinner, while you change your dress as quickly as possible. I will see our friends in the parlor, and make an apology for the delay. Put a good face on it. Laugh at the joke, and all will be well."

Mrs. Brown, after demurring a little, went up and did as her husband suggested, while he, becoming more and more alive every moment to the ludicrousness of the scene he had just witnessed, entered the parlor laughing. Here, to the amusement of all parties, he related, in his own way, what had just occurred, exhibiting, at the same time, some evidences of the recent scene in his soiled garments.

"And now, ladies," said he, smiling, "if you 'll take pity on my poor wife, who is changing her dress, and go down and see that Nancy, our good-humored chambermaid, serves up the dinner in some kind of order, you will help to turn a serious matter into a source of merriment."

Up sprang the two ladies at this hint, and were off to the kitchen in a jiffy; and, with such right good will did they go to work, that the dinner-bell rang ere Mrs. Brown had finished her toilet.

A pleasanter dinner-party never assembled at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Brown before nor since. There was good humor, and free and easy conversation in plenty. The cooking stories that were told, if written out, would fill a volume. Cooks were voted to

be the veriest torments on the face of the earth. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew, in relating some of their experiences, frequently set the whole party in a roar.

"One girl I had," said Mrs. Agnew, "went ahead of everything for ignorance; although, when I hired her, she said that she had been one of the cooks for four years in the United States Hotel. One day, late in the fall, Mr. Agnew brought home some very nice Jersey sausages. A couple of friends from the country dropped in during the afternoon, and, as I knew them to have good appetites, I said to Madge—it was the third day after she came to me—'We 'll have some of the sausages with the tea.' At supper time, I served out the tea, and soon noticed, as one and another sipped it, that a very unsatisfactory expression of countenance followed. 'What ails this tea?' said my husband. 'It has a curious taste.' 'I 'm sure I don't know,' was my reply. Just then, I noticed that the Jersey sausages I had directed to have cooked for tea were not on the table. I rang the bell, and Madge entered.

"'Did you understand me about the sausages, Madge?' I asked.

"'O yis, mum,' returned Madge, confidently.

"'Where are they, then?'

"'Wid the tae, mum. Ye said yees wanted 'em wid the tae.'

"And, sure enough, they were 'wid the tae;' for, on removing the tea-pot cover, and thrusting a spoon within, I fished up a couple of links of half-boiled sausage! Of course, Madge and I parted on the spot. I was too angry with the ignorant creature."

"Madge—Madge," said Mrs. Clark, when Mrs. Agnew ceased speaking. "Was she a short, fat, vulgar-looking girl, with brown hair?"

"Yes."

"I know her very well; and had my own time with her for a month."

And then followed half a dozen more laughable stories about cooks, that prolonged the good humor, and which we would relate for the reader's amusement, if we had not already extended our article its appropriate limit.

POETRY.

SISTER, I MISS THEE.

BY J. B. DURAND.

Sister, I miss thee in those hours of gladness
When round me flit the beautiful and gay;
Then o'er my spirit comes a tinge of sadness,
And from the scene I fain would turn away.
Bright eyes may sparkle, and soft words may greet me;
Companions may be winning—sweet their smile;
Yet, if there be no answering eye to meet me,
My heart, 'midst all their joy, is sad the while.

Sister, I miss thee when day-cares are pressing
Upon my mind, usurping every thought:
Oh! 'tis such times as those I miss the blessing
That once a sister's cheering influence wrought.
They pass away without the power of scathing—
Those earth-born strifes, and bustling, rankling cares,
When hope and peace a loved one round are breathing,
When hopes are brightened by a sister's prayers.

Sister, I miss thee when the day is waning—
When comes the love-inspiring vesper hour,
A breathing stillness all around us reigning—
The heart given o'er to inspiration's power.
Once, in such moments, with responsive feeling,
You wandered, gazed, and did admire with me;
But now around me memories are stealing,
And all my thoughts, dear sister, are with thee.

Sister, I miss thee ever. Scenes the brightest
Cannot thy fancied image from me part;
Forms that are fairest, and gay hearts the lightest,
Drive not the lonely feelings from my heart.
But to that hour Hope points her cheering finger,
When, home returning, I again shall greet
A smiling sister, and with her shall linger,
At morn and eve, again in converse sweet.

STANZAS.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

Shun the words that anger urges;
Restrain them ere they leave thy tongue:
Sadder wrecks than ocean merges
By passion on life's strand are flung.
Hearts by dearest bonds united,
Outraged and estranged forever;
Friendship lost; affection blighted;
Hate aroused, to slumber never.

Ah! what avails the sharp retort?
A fierce wave shivered on a rock!
Emotion wasted, winning naught
But self-abasement from the shock.
A firebrand flung, to kindle hate;
A scorpion born, whose venomed fangs
Of cherished friends may foes create,
Yet leave behind still sharper pangs

Vain the anguish of the morrow
O'er the ties by passion riven;
Words will leave a sting of sorrow,
Unforgotten though forgiven.
Through the mind like phantoms gliding,
Startling mem'ry 'mid its treasures;
With a veil fond hearts dividing;
Words plant quicksands 'mid our pleasures.

Check, oh check each angry feeling;
Leave the bitter words unspoken.
Will the wounds thy tongue is dealing
Pay for self-respect so broken?
Is thy fellow 'gainst thee sinning?
Thy anger will but steel his heart.
Art thou wrong? Thou art but winning
A scourge 'neath which thyself will smart.